

THE JAPS DO CELEBRATE
Successes of Army in Manchuria
Occasion Elaborate and Gorgeous Demonstrations.
GO WILD WITH ENTHUSIASM
Remarkable Scenes Following the Taking of Liao Yang Described by Bishop Galloway.

By Bishop Charles B. Galloway.

It is nothing if not artistic and the genuine ardor of her people and their artistic taste has never been more strikingly displayed than in the elaborate and gorgeous celebrations of recent victories in Manchuria. For weeks there has been painful anxiety, and an awful tension of the national nerves. The predicted fall of Port Arthur, and the anticipated crushing of Kuropatkin's army have kept the people in the grip of the wildest excitement. Extravagant and exciting rumors have filled official confirmation, so far as Port Arthur is concerned. Painful anxiety was fast reaching the point of alarm, and when the news came from Imperial headquarters that the Japanese armies had occupied Liao Yang the pent-up enthusiasm of waiting weeks dissipated all bounds, and gave way to the wildest rejoicings.

At noon boys with jingling bells at their belts dashed up and down the streets shouting with loud voices, "Gō-gai, Gō-gai!" They hung the little editions of the newspapers into every house. Those who could read Japanese characters eagerly shouted out the glad news, and to the neighbors to get a correct translation. In a few minutes flags began to appear, and as the afternoon wore on it was evident that the night was to witness a grand display. We were not disappointed.

Since the beginning of the war every city in the Empire has been made ready for patriotic demonstrations. At all the intersections on streets immense bamboo poles had been planted and made to cross at quite a height. From one was suspended the national flag, from the other the naval ensign, and their folds embraced in the breeze. All over the country these poles may be seen by the multiplied thousands. Then, at short intervals along the principal streets frames were built for large Japanese lanterns. In addition every house is to be decorated according to the taste and ability of the occupant. There has been displayed the rare artistic taste of these people.

On Sunday evening in Kobe, when the news from Liao Yang was received, there was first a bicycle parade, every wheel gaily decked, and every rider gorgeously arrayed. By means of pasteboard and a few deft strokes of the painter's brush one wheel represented a war horse, another a gun carriage, and so on in bewildering variety. On the head of each was a flaming lantern.

Later, there were numerous lantern processions. Literally thousands fell into line bearing aloft their gorgeous lights, and shouting "Banzai, Banzai!" until their voices failed. Above the streets for miles were lanterns ablaze of every conceivable color. From every pole a great flag was waving, while millions of small flags fluttered from every conspicuous place. I have really never seen anything quite so gorgeous.

From every city of the Empire come reports of like demonstrations. The long expected had at last arrived, and the very hills clapped their hands for joy. When Port Arthur falls I suppose the celebrations will be on even grander scale. Official instructions have been issued for two months or more as to how they are to be celebrated. Men have given up other engagements so as to be at home when the grand news comes. One old gentleman in an interior city, a distinguished scholar, failed to attend the Methodist conference over which I was presiding in Kobe, to which he was a lay member, because he had to be at home to attend the arrangements for the celebration of Port Arthur's fall. The resident foreigners have caught the spirit and will try to turn it to commercial account. The following has stood in the advertising columns of the Yokohama papers for weeks:

"FALL OF PORT ARTHUR."
A special Tiffin and Dinner will be served at the Grand Hotel, Yokohama, on the day after the official announcement of the capture of the fortress at Port Arthur. Places will be reserved on the verandas for the guests to view the fireworks.

"FRED'S DAVIDS."
Some amusing things have occurred showing the excessive ardor of these people. One "Fred David" announced the capture of Liao Yang, had really been put in type for a week or more. It simply announced that official news from Imperial headquarters was that the fortress at Liao Yang was in possession of the Japanese army, and General Kuropatkin was in full retreat towards Mukden. All the needed was that the name of the little extra was released. The newspapers over here are almost as enterprising as those in America, but on several occasions their editors have been obliged to apologize for the latest affair of the kind occurred about five weeks ago, the victim of journalistic curiosity being the little extra that the Japanese had captured Port Arthur. The extras announcing the fall of Port Arthur had been printed by the thousands and sent to different cities, not to be released until officially announced. Some curious seekers chanced to see one in a suspicious blind and read it. His fiery patriotism would not let him keep the good news to himself, so he took it to the streets and before the mistake could be corrected one large city, at least, had a notable demonstration.

But one conviction grows on me with every added day of my visit to Japan. These victories are won at frightful cost. The Japanese losses in killed and wounded are enormous. They have not been fully reported, and possibly may never be. From private trustworthy sources I learn that two or more large crematoriums in front of Port Arthur have been in operation night and day for many weeks, burning the bodies of those slain in battle. Smoke continually ascending from those places to the high heavens above the beleaguered city. The number of Japanese dead will never be known by the graves that are seen, or the little urns sent home that contain heroic ashes, for many poor fellow has not a friend near to preserve even a handful of his ashes.

Of the multiplied thousands wounded in battle I have been able to make some estimate from the returning transports and crowded trains I have seen, and conversations with intelligent Japanese. With an almost reckless daring, inspired by the national "virtues" of the Emperor, these little soldiers have rushed to battle and death. Much of the Russian fighting, according to tradition of years, has been from entrenchments. Of necessity, therefore, the Japanese losses have been heavier. But there has been unnecessary loss of life, especially around Port Arthur. To recoup these losses the Second and Reserve have already been called out, and further conscriptions will soon be made. If the war continues long it will be a disastrous drain upon Japan.

The more thoughtful of these people are very desirous of speedy peace. They see the inevitable. His exhausting struggle continues. While every one feels the war to be just, and is willing to suffer if only the country can be victorious, many feel that the price paid is very dear. There is no hope of a war indefinitely to recoup heavy expenditures and years of taxation. Heavy burdens must be placed upon the people to provide for an enormous interest account. Trade conditions are growing daily more serious. One prominent merchant told me a few days ago that his sales had decreased from \$10,000 to \$2,000. Yet taken on some things have increased. The country is in a state of depression. The people never lived, and in the exultations of victory they forget the sorrows of years. Indeed, their children will never allow them to brood over any misfortune.

—CHAS. B. GALLOWAY.
Nagasaki, Japan, September 25th.

On Time

Just when you are in need of something in our line, we step forward and offer you an opportunity to save a little money.

We were fortunate enough to pick up twenty-five pieces of Winter Suitings at a price considerably below their actual worth. If we had paid regular price, we could not afford to sell these goods less than \$20 and \$25 a suit. But we always give savings of this kind to our customers, therefore choice of the range,

Suit to Order, \$18.00.

The assortment comprises Blacks, Mixtures in the new Browns, Gray and Gun-Metal shades. Give us a look; it will pay you.

Trousers always at cost of manufacture—regular \$6.50 to \$10 values,

Trousers to Order, \$5 and \$6.50.

Remember:
1. If a garment doesn't fit, it is ours, not yours.
2. If linings wear out before cloth, we replace them free of cost.

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704 E. MAIN STREET - Frank Mareck, Mgr.

JAPAN'S FIGHTING CHIEF IS VETERAN OF MANY WARS

Oyama Said to be the Ugliest and the Most Charming Man in the Empire—Something About Him.

A vivid picture of the commander-in-chief of the Japanese armies in Manchuria is presented by Will Livingston Comfort, writing for the Chicago Daily News. He writes:

"An English correspondent in Tokyo during the early days of the war strolled into the billiard room of the Imperial Hotel one afternoon and announced that he had just secured an interview with Field-Marshal Oyama.

"How did you like him?" was asked.

"He is the ugliest and most charming man in the Empire," the correspondent replied quickly.

The writer of this article was presented to Marquis Oyama a few days later in company with several foreigners at the Maple Club, Tokyo, and the remark of the English correspondent came back forcibly. The first impression was that of repulsion.

"Oyama is short, squat and long-armed. His huge head seems to rest upon heavy shoulders, without a connecting medium. And this peculiarity is intensified as the Marquis turns his body as well as his head when he wishes to look at an object behind or at his side.

"The physical peculiarities, however, are nothing. It is the face of Oyama which first repels, then fascinates. It was the same with Robespierre, the same with Talleyrand. The play of the brain was needed to wipe out the ghastliness and the gloom. His skin seemed to be drawn by the fires of suffering. Small, box-like face, one mass of fiery pits, I thought of the Connelville country and the square miles of coke ovens inverted. Other scars intermingled—steel and frost, perhaps—and from out of the serene countenance shone the restless black eyes.

"His voice is deep and gentle and his speech is studded with unexpected bursts of humor or intensity. This facility of Western, as opposed to the stereotyped nothings which are continually upon the lips of the Japanese. Certain noblemen say that Oyama is the most brilliant conversationalist in Japan. He speaks English well, but French much better. Back of the gentle voice and the serene face, the man of action which comes after a few moments in the presence of this great soldier of the Orient there is something restless, mysterious. You feel the iron force of the man, a force inexorable. Napoleon, if Japan were about to be caught in a crossroad of their passionate adoration and his serene power.

"There is much of violence in his history, and this helps in forming of these unusual impressions. As a child, almost, he took part in the interprovincial strife, and but a few years later he stood for the Government and helped to put down the bitter Satsuma rebellion. His part was the triumph of conviction over sentiment. Many of his relatives were against the Emperor in this warfare. Young Oyama first fought his landing toward the Satsuma cause and then fought for the central government which prevailed.

"He commanded the Second Army Corps in the war against China and was chief in the first taking of Port Arthur. It is far from unreasonable to hint that Oyama will be powerfully in evidence at the second fall of this fortress, which is so identified with the hope and honor of Japan. Until the present month the first taking of Port Arthur was his

SOME BITS OF CHOICE VERSE

Lasca.
I want free life and I want fresh air;
And I sigh for the center, after the cattle,
The crack of the whips like shots in a battle.
The noise of horns and hoofs and heads
That wags and wrangles and scatters and spreads;
The green beneath and the blue above,
And dash and danger, and life and love.
And Lasca!

Lasca used to ride
On a mouse-gray mustang close to my side,
With his scrape and bright-bellied spur;
I laughed with joy as I looked at her!
Little knew she of boots or of creeds;
An Ave Maria sufficed her needs;
To ride with me, and ever to ride,
From San Juan shore to Lasca's tide.
She was as bold as the billows that beat,
She was as wild as the breezes that blow;
From her little head to her little feet
She swayed in her suppleness to and fro
By each gust of passion; a sapling pine,
That grows on the edge of a Kansas bluff,
And wars with the wind when the weather is rough,
Is like this Lasca, this love of mine.
She would hunger that I might forget;
Would ask the bitter and leave me the sweet;
But once, when I made her jealous for fun,
At something I'd whispered, or looked at,
One Sunday, in San Antonio,
To a glorious girl on the Alamo,
She drew from her garter a dear little dagger,
And—sting of a wasp!—it made me stagger.
An inch to the left, or an inch to the right,
And I shouldn't be mauling her to-night;
But she sobbed, and sobbing, so swiftly bound
Her torn ribbon about the wound,
That I quite forgave her. Scratches don't count
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.

Her eye was a brown—a deep, deep brown;
Her hair was darker than her eye;
Ang something in her smile and frown,
Curled crimson lip and instant high,
Showed that there ran in each blue vein,
Mixed with the milder Aztec strain,
The vigorous vintage of Old Spain.
She was alive in every limb
With feeling, to the finger-tips;
And when the sun is like a fire,
And sky one shining, soft sapphire,
One does not drink in little sips.

The air was heavy, the night was hot,
I sat by her side, and forgot to forget;
Forgot the herd that were taking their rest,
Forgot that the air was close and oppress,
That the Texas north comes sudden and soon,
In the dead of night or the blaze of noon;
That once let the herd at its breath take fright,
Nothing on earth can stop the flight;
And woe to the rider, and woe to the steed,
Who falls in front of their mad stampede.

Was that thunder? I grasped the cord
Of my swift mustang without a word,
I sprang to the saddle, and she clung behind,
Away on a hot chase down the wind!
But never was fox-hunt half so hard,
And never was steed so little spared,
For we rode for our lives. You shall hear how we fared.
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.

The mustang flew, and we urged him on;
There was one chance left, and you have but one:
Half a jump to ground, and shoot your horse;
Crouch under his carcass, and take your chance;
And if the steers in their frantic course
Don't batter each other to pieces, once
You may thank your star; if not, good-bye.

To the quickening kiss and the long-drawn sigh,
And the open air and the open sky,
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.

The cattle galloped on us, and just as I felt
For my old six-shooter behind in my belt,
Down came the mustang, and down came we,
Clinging together, and—what was the rest?

A hoof that spread itself on my breast,
Two arms that shielded my dizzy head,
Two lips that hard on my lips were pressed;
Then came thunder in my ears,
As ever he surged the steers,
Blows that beat blood into my eyes,
And the black and white—
Lasca was dead!

I gouged out a grave a few feet deep,
And there in Earth's arms I laid her to sleep.
And now she is lying, and no one knows,
And the summer shines and the winter snows,
For many a day the flowers have spread
A pall of petals over her head;
And the little gray hawk hangs aloft in the air,
And the shy coyote trots here and there,
And the black snake glides and glitters and slides
Into a rift in a cotton-wood tree;
And the buzzard is gone,
And the buzzard is gone,
Stately and still like a ship at sea;
And I wonder why I do not care
For the things that are like the things that were.

Does half my heart lie buried there
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande?
FRANK DREWS.

STRAWS IN THE STREAM.
By H. R. HERTZBERG.
STILL FORTUNATE.
Tho' his misfortunes may be great,
Tho' his painful pain impends;
No man can be unfortunate
With mother, love and friends.

THE BEST GIFTS.
Sunshine in winter—
Midsummer day breeze—
Women at all times—
On them the best gifts are these:
The what is needed.
A little soap,
A little hope,
A little "do,"
Of nature's giving.
In all, indeed,
We men folk need;
To learn the need;
That life's worth living.

The Ambulance.
By GEORGE B. DAVIS.
At midnight hour, when all is still,
The ambulance hurries down the hill,
A man is hurt by railroad train,
Hark! the "phone bell rings again.
"Send ambulance, man shot, almost dead."
"Will send at once," our watchman said.
And so it goes all day and night,
On emergency calls, in rapid flight.
The woe and sorrows of our city
Call for aid and our pity.
In winter's cold and summer's heat,
Our ambulance goes from street to street,
Cures and cures and cures as well,
Patient stories they could tell.
Our horses are trained to speed along,
When our driver rings the gong.

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715 EAST MAIN.

The ambulance is surely balm to grief, Is always ready to render relief, For groans and pain, wails and fears, It often wipes away the tears. On our streets, wherever you glance, You may see our ambulance. On hill, in valley, night or day, Remember it has the right of way. Bound the gong, our ambulance speeds, Making a record of noble deeds. It always does her duty well, Our annual reports are sure to tell, Richmond, Richmond, God bless that name, May she show in power and fame, Remember our ambulance with the red cross, In joy or sorrow, gain or loss.

The 'Possum in Court.
"Yes, suh!" said the colored citizen, in the justice court, "I tromped on projected all night long ter ketch dat 'possum, en wen I kotched him I tuk him home, en cooked him des ez brown en juicy ez ever you see in yo' life, en after I got him on de table en turned my back, en in minutes dis here other nigger stoled in, en eat him up!"

"I'll bind him over," said the justice, "He'll get six months for 'furt-steal'!" And as the prisoner was led away he smacked his lips and said: "Bless God, but wuz dat 'possum fat!"—Atlanta Constitution.

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Best Full Cream Cheese, 2 lbs.	25c	Large Cabbage, each 3c, 4c, and 5c	
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New Mother's Oats, per pkg	8c	Good Shipstuf, per 100 pounds	\$1.25
New Avena, per package	8c	Best Timothy, per 100 pounds	85c
Pride of Richmond Flour, bbl.	\$4.10	Best Elgin Butter, pound	25c
Daisy Flour, barrel	\$3.75	Duffy's Malt Whiskey, bottle	80c
White Pickling Apples, per pk	50c	N. C. Corn Whiskey, gallon	\$2.00
Good Eating Apples, per pk	25c	Fine Rye Whiskey, gallon	\$2.00

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